

The Tears Between the Twins

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Category: Gravity Falls

Language: English

Characters: 8 Ball, Dipper P., Mabel P., Pacifica N.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 00:50:51

Updated: 2016-04-11 00:50:51

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:12:36

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,762

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Reverse!AU. Once a threat is presented to the Gleeful Twins that could ruin them altogether, Dipper Gleeful has to get the help of Gideon and Pacifica Pines to stop the catastrophe from even starting. If fate is really set in stone, will it be too late? Or is there still hope? I don't own the cover image!

The Tears Between the Twins

****I don't own Gravity Falls or the cover image. This is another Reverse!AU one-shot or what might become a story. Enjoy!****

****The Tears Between the Twins****

'_Gideon, please!' _

'_I've already said, I don't want to be your king!'_

'_But-' _

'_Why are you so interested in me, anyway?!'_

'_It-it'sâ€¦complicated.' _

'_How so?!'_

Mabel's eyes glowed once more as she tried to restrain him using her amulet. A glow surrounded Gideon for a short moment before it vanished. Mabel froze.

'_Why is it so complicated?!'_

_Mabel unfroze as she tried again to restrain him, to no avail.

—

'_Witch!' Gideon yelled, rushing towards and yanking her headband off

of her head, causing her amulet to cease glowing._

Mabel tried desperately to grab her headband back, but Gideon smashed it on the ground, wisps of green floating into the air.

'_No!' Mabel clenched her shirt, right over her heart, falling to her knees. Her nose started to bleed heavily as she stared up at Gideon._

Gideon raised an axe over his head.

'_Gideonâ€¦pleaseâ€¦'_

Her pleas stopped, replaced with a blood curdling scream, once the blade of the axe crashed into her chest, her blood gushing out of her, her guts starting to follow as the cut widened. She stared down at her chest, before blood began leaking from her mouth.

Gideon pushed the axe deeper, before pushing it down and pulling it out.

'_Now you won't be able to hurt anyone ever again.'_

Dipper's eyes snapped open, beads of sweat traveling down his face. He grabbed his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, looking to the other side of the room where his sister slept soundly.

The visions were becoming more frequent, and each seemed the same. They all ended with the death of his sister by the hands of Gideon Pines.

He looked down at a tarot card in his hand. It showed an image of his sister's corpse.

He couldn't let this happen. He had to stop it.

He heard the rustling of the sheets as Mabel turned.

From the first time they had seen Gideon, Mabel had become obsessed with him, but Dipper sensed something off about him.

Once the two had a date, Gideon had started to reject Mabel. However, she had kept trying.

Once Gideon declared their relationship, if you could call it that, over, Mabel still tried to get him to love her.

She hadn't used spells, not yet. Dipper foresaw that when she did, they wouldn't work. No spells or voodoo dolls worked on Gideon for some strange reason.

He had to stop this from happening. As he thought about how he could, it only seemed to make him tired.

Almost unwillingly, his eyes closed as he was pulled into another vision.

_He stood there, rain pouring down on him. The cemetery always seemed to be a sad place, but that was always when it was you who had lost

someone._

He looked over her tombstone, his face deprived of any emotion.

'_Brother?' a small, shaky voice called out to him._

He froze for a moment, before he turned around.

There stood his sister, unmarked and unharmed, staring at him.

'_Mabel!' he ran to her, tightly hugging her despite his own discomfort of the physical contact._

She didn't return the hug, but rather stared at him, unblinking.

'_Mabel?' he asked her, pulling away from the hug._

'_You could've stopped it.' She whispered to him._

'_What?' he questioned her._

_She shoved him to the ground roughly, her eyes narrowing in anger. 'This is all your fault!'

_Lightning flashed across the sky, momentarily blinding him from sight. _

Once his eyes adjusted again, Mabel's image had changed.

Her clothes were torn in a few places, revealing lines of red underneath. Her hair was frazzled. A large cut made its way from her chest down to her stomach, where blood was pouring from and pooling beneath her. Her nose bled while blood was also dripping from her mouth.

Her eyes were now dull and lifeless.

She walked forward to him as he crawled away on the ground.

'_You could've saved me.' She said, her voice slicing through the air in an unnatural and haunting way._

She continued walking towards him, as he continued crawling backwards.

At one point as she was walking, he heard something crunch under her feet. He looked down and was greeted by the sight of her shattered amulet.

He kept crawling backwards until he felt his back press against something cold and hard.

He looked behind him and saw a tombstone. Lightning cracked once more, providing a moment of light.

His eyes widened as he saw his name marked across the tombstone, the date reading that it was the same day.

He looked back at Mabel, who was right in front of him.

She reached down and grabbed him by the throat, squeezing tightly and lifting him into the air.

Dipper coughed as his supply of oxygen was closing.

'_M-Mabel!' he wheezed._

'_Yes, brother?' she tilted her head to the side, her cold, dead gaze meeting his._

She squeezed his throat tighter before he could say anything.

Dipper clawed at her hand, but it was futile. Her grip was like stone, his attempts did nothing.

'_My death was your fault.' She said coldly. 'You could've done something.'_

She pulled a knife from behind her back, one of the ones she used to perform with.

'_Allow me to the return the favor.' _

That was the last thing he heard before she shoved the blade into his stomach, pushing up until the cut reached his throat as he screamed.

Dipper awoke once more, his eyes wide and breath shaking.

That wasn't a vision. It was a nightmare, but it gave him a clue.

Dipper leapt up from his desk, careful not to wake his sister as he crept across the room over to her desk.

He pulled open the top drawer, reaching in and plucking out the journal.

A golden, six fingered hand was placed on it, marked with the number 2.

He shut the drawer, flipping through the crisp yellow pages until he found what he was looking for.

The page showed a person rising from a grave, looking as if they were never dead in the first place.

A resurrection spell.

He would have to test it, but, for now, it looked like his only hope.

Leaving Gravity Falls wasn't an option. Mabel was too drawn to Gideon and the paranormal activity helped fuel their amulets.

He couldn't tell Gideon to stay away from Mabel. Mabel would only

track him down.

There had to be a way for Mabel's death to never happen, in case the resurrection spell didn't work.

Dipper sighed, tucking the journal away in his own desk and exiting their room.

He made his way down the flight of stairs and towards the front door.

He didn't have to worry about disguises or fans or anything of the sort. It was the middle of the night.

He walked out of the door and started walking along a trail that Mabel used often. It was a trail that would lead him to the Mystery Shack.

It wasn't so much of a traditional trail. Basically, the trail was made up of footsteps that Mabel walked on repeatedly. She made it into her own makeshift trail, using her amulet to make the imprints in the ground permanent so they couldn't wash away.

Dipper traveled along it until he reached the Mystery Shack. He knocked on the front door, not expecting an answer at first until it was opened by Pacifica.

She wore a nightgown and her feet were bare.

She narrowed her eyes. ''What're you doing here?''

It wasn't a polite ask, but more of a disgusted question.

''Nice to see you, too.'' Dipper replied sarcastically. ''I need to see Gideon.''

Pacifica didn't feel like asking why. She didn't want him here. Period.

She sighed, rolling her eyes. ''Wait here.''

She shut the door and he heard her footsteps traveling up the stairs.

A few minutes later, the door opened again, but by Gideon.

He tiredly rubbed the sleep from his eyes. ''What're you doing here? This late, too.''

''Listen, I need to talk to you.'' Dipper stated.

''This can't wait 'til morning?'' Gideon asked.

''No.'' Dipper growled.

''Fine.'' Gideon groaned. ''What is it?''

''I know how much you dislike my sister.'' Dipper began. ''But I see a future of her being killed.''

'By who?'

'By you.' Dipper answered.

'I would never!' Gideon yelped.

'But you will.' Dipper said.

'How do I even do that?' Gideon questioned him.

'I can't tell for sure, what means you would use to kill her.' Dipper responded. 'But I know it first involves shattering her amulet in every future.'

'Why is that so bad?' he asked. 'I know y'all use it for shows, but, why is it so bad?'

'Not only is it a big source of power, but she uses it more often than I do.' Dipper explained. 'It's bonded to her. It's become a part of her.'

'I see.' Gideon said, looking at the ground nervously.

'The visions of her death are becoming more frequent, so the most I can ask you is to avoid her.' Dipper said.

'Alright.' Gideon replied.

'And if it's just destined to happen, written in stone,' Dipper paused. 'I'll see what I can do.'

'A resurrection spell is one of the best things to do, should her death come to pass.' Dipper stated.

'Why not let fate have its go, then use the spell?' Gideon asked him.

'Because it's not always guaranteed to work.' Dipper answered him. 'It has side effects of its own.'

'Like?'

'Not only could she be resurrected a mindless zombie, and a zombie infection could spread, but she wouldn't be herself.' Dipper said.

'I've seen different paths where I've used the spell, but she comes back and starts killing people, myself, you, and Pacifica included.' Dipper told him.

'Alright.' Gideon said. 'I'll do my best to avoid her, but for how long?'

'There's not an exact time and date, but the best I can tell is soon.' Dipper declared. 'I'll do my best to keep her away from you.'

'Okay.' Gideon fiddled with his hands nervously.

'Thank you for speaking with me.' Dipper said. 'Good

night.'

With that, he turned and walked away, his cape billowing behind him as the wind picked up.

Gideon nodded and shut the door.

'What was that all about?' Pacifica asked curiously.

'It's nothing, Paz.' Gideon assured her as he climbed back up the stairs to go to bed.

End
file.